

THE
TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM
ANTICIPATED. 15510

A POEM.

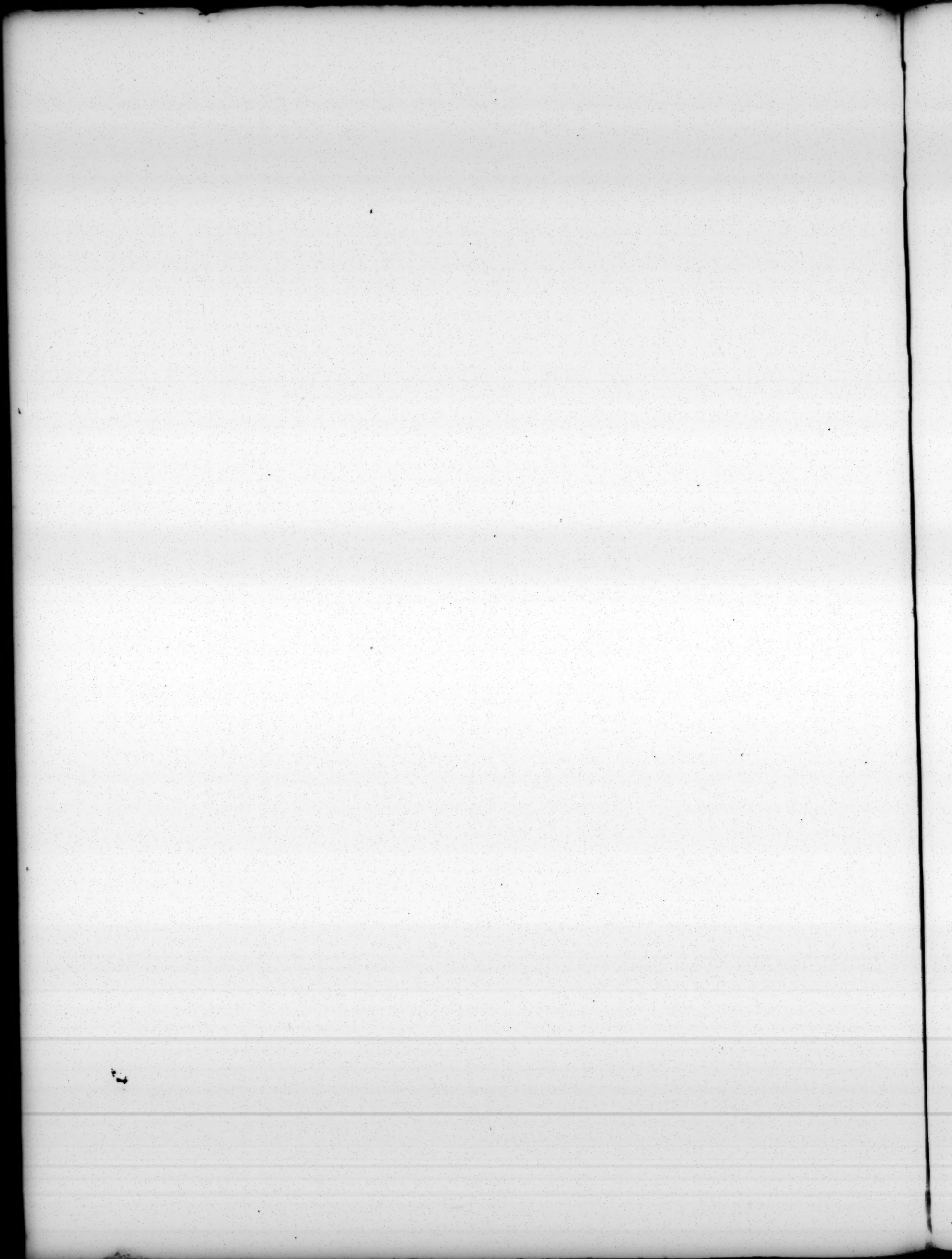
ADDRESSED TO
THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.



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13.



THE
TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM
ANTICIPATED.

BLEST be that Muse, whose honest verse aspires,
In these free times, to quench th' unhallow'd fires
Of mad Sedition ; whose infectious breath
Spreads rank contagion and the seeds of death ;
Whose pride, audacious, e'en disdains to save
The great, the good, the virtuous, and the brave ;
Who darts from clime to clime its baneful stings,
Denouncing bloodshed, and the fall of kings ;

And, prostituting Freedom's sacred name,
Of Civil Discord lights th' envenom'd flame.

Detested hypocrites ! the woes we feel
Spring from thy fury !—Not the curs'd Bastile,
With all its horrors opening to our view,
Was half so fatal to our hopes as you !
'Tis your's, in every state to find a flaw,
Hostile alike to Liberty and Law ;
'Tis your's, by wily arts, to lead astray
The weak, unthinking crew, from Reason's sway ;
To talk, I know not what, of equal rules,
The cant of Levellers, and creed of Fools :
Thy sole grand object is to raise *thyself*,
Kings may *oppress*, so thou obtain'st the pelf ;

That end to gain, all ranks thoud'ft undermine,
And fpurn each ftatute, human and divine.
That fuch thy views, ill-fated France can fhew,
Thy fatal victim clad in deepeft woe.

Unhappy Gallia! though thy crimes were great,
Hard is the heart that pities not thy fate ;
Mourns not thy fertile provinces o'eturn'd,
Thy cities plunder'd, and thy temples burn'd ;
Thy ancient nobles barbaroufly gor'd,
By the wild ruffian's defolating fword ;
The ftreets of Paris wet with human blood,
And fiends exulting o'er th' empurpled flood :
Think not I mean to blaft that glorious day,
When the choice Sons of Freedom led the way

To the dark dungeon's miserable gloom,
 To free their brethren from Oppression's doom;
 Who, when they view'd the blest returns of light,
 Thank'd God—but soon grew dizzy with the fight;
 And, whilst their country's ensign stream'd on high,
 Beheld the hour of Liberty draw nigh:
 Bless'd be *that* hour! But now, fiend of foul fame,
 Fell Anarchy assumes fair Freedom's name!
 This fiend, by whom our CHARLES unjustly bled,
 Now aims the murd'rous axe at hapless LOUIS' head.

Is there a man in France, who dares pretend
 The cause of heav'n-born Freedom to befriend,
 Whilst his much-injur'd Monarch asks in vain
 Some gentle treatment for his harmless reign?

Come, soft Humanity ! diviner far
 Than all the conquests gain'd by wasteful war ;
 Extend Oblivion's veil o'er former times,
 And, in MARIA's woes, forget her crimes !

Think not my verse will ever condescend
 To flatter princes, or their faults defend,
 No, place their vices in the strongest light,
 'Tis only this can guard a nation's right :
 But, when degraded Majesty appears,
 Clad in the robes of Penitence and tears,
 He who retreats from Pity's mild abode,
 Denies his Saviour, and abjures his God.
 'Tis punishment enough to be debarr'd
 From a whole People's tenderest regard,

To know that, from *her* practices alone,
Sprung her lost Husband's ruin, and her own.

Gallia beware, e'er you incur the shame
Of a vile Regicide's infernal name ;
E'er, with this heinous sin accurs'd, you stand
The scorn and hate of each well-govern'd land :

You must have read, that once, in Britain's Isle,
A villian, vers'd in more than mortal guile,
Deceiv'd the keenest Patriots of his age,
And made them in that horrid act engage,
Which, when perform'd, he threw the mask aside,
And spurn'd at law with more than regal pride.

How blest the Sons of Britain in their choice
 Of a mixt state, where each may claim a voice !
 A state, which all the world may well approve,
 The Monarch's glory and the People's love !

What tho' to some reform each Patriot mind
 May, at a proper season, be inclin'd ;
 From Parliament *alone* such change must spring,
 Plann'd by the *Senate*, sanction'd by the *King* :
 In any other shape, howe'er preferr'd,
 'Twill prove illegal, monstrous, and absurd ;
 For, should, some hot-brain'd Innovator dare,
 And with plebeian fury to declare,
 That from the *Mob* such measures may arise,
 That man all law, all honesty defies :

Should there, in part, remain some trifling flaw,
 Where's the redress? I answer, by the *Law* :
 That Law, which first was form'd at Runnymede,
 That Law, which plac'd the crown on Brunswick's head.

Can there exist, in Britain's wide domain,
 One restless spirit who can well complain
 Of rights invaded, or of freedom lost,
 Whilst the great Son of CHATHAM leads the host
 Of real Patriots, who, with one firm mind,
 Have in the cause of England's honor join'd?
 Of penetration clear, and judgment strong,
 Quick to perceive, and to redress each wrong;
 Of temper'd firmness in each try'd debate,
 Form'd to preserve entire a well-pois'd state,

Not too much aw'd by a great Monarch's frown,
 Nor madly striving for the civic crown,
 PITT shines the first in this illustrious band,
 The faithful guardian of Britannia's land :
 Deaf to the sound of fleeting pleasure's call,
 The crowded theatre, the festive hall,
 He nobly fled, devoting all his zeal
 To the hard service of the public weal.

A strong attachment to his country's Cause,
 A firm reliance on her sacred Laws,
 A Patriot's ardor, steady to his trust,
 In WINDHAM shines, inexorably just.
 To dress out sense with eloquence divine,
 And charm the ravish'd ear, O BURKE ! 'tis thine ;

Bright Virtue's Champion!—On thy matchless tongue
 Enthusiastic ardour always hung;
 Thy heart's impartial truth must needs declare,
 That mild philanthropy dwelt ever there:
 Ador'd Philanthropy! by Heaven design'd
 To pour the choicest blessings on mankind!
 In private life, to bid soft comfort flow
 On a friend's sorrows, on a parent's woe:
 In public, to embrace a wider plan,
 And link the chain that fastens Man to Man!
 'Mongst those that feel the philanthropic flame,
 I must not, WILBERFORCE, forget thy name,
 'Tho' thy benignant mercy fail'd to bind,
 To thy full wish, each deep revolving mind;
 Yet, when in future worlds, all views shall cease
 That sway us here, and harmony and peace

Shall reign triumphant in that blest abode,
 Where slaves and freemen chant the praise of God ;
 Th' unletter'd Indian, borne on Seraph's wings,
 Prostrate shall fall before the King of kings ;
 By Heaven inspired, he'll own thy genuine worth,
 And plead for him, who eas'd his bonds on earth.

Oh ! may Philanthropy dispense her smile
 O'er every Son of fam'd Britannia's Isle !
 May jarring interests no more divide
 Congenial souls from friendship's flowing tide !
 May THURLOW, anxious for his country's fame,
 All private wrongs for this great cause disclaim !
 May virtuous PORTLAND, whose extended mind
 Shews real worth, and friendship most refin'd,

Infert his name amidst the patriot band,
 Who guard with anxious care their native land !
 An union such as this must soon o'erthrow
 Each foreign spoiler, each domestic foe :
 Then shall we see this land of Freedom crown'd
 (Admir'd for wisdom and in arms renown'd)
 With wealth, that vies with India's golden ore,
 With trade that pours from every distant shore :
 Then should proud Gallia's boasting Sons pretend
 Their mad pretensions blindly to defend,
 Each noble youth will mount Bellona's car,
 And toil for conquest in the fields of War :
 Our stout mann'd Navies, England's boasted pride,
 On victory bent, shall o'er the Ocean ride :
 All faction ceas'd, and party spirit quell'd,
 And doubts from every honest mind dispell'd ;

He who the stern Mahrattas mildly sway'd,
 Who rais'd the power of India and her trade,
 HASTINGS shall stand acquitted to mankind,
 Nor leave one mark for envious spleen behind :
 Whilst BURKE, superior to each meaner view,
 Shall own th' applauding sentence all his due.

Then shall each artist strive for generous fame,
 And proofs of genius raise the Poet's name :
 Sculpture shall rise magnificently great,
 With works that rival the fam'd Grecian state ;
 ROMNEY shall o'er the swelling canvas throw
 The graceful tints that heighten beauty's glow ;
 SHERIDAN, whose various powers the world approves,
 Shall gaily wander thro' the scenes he loves

To nature's outlines added force shall give,
 And bid once more th' expiring Drama live ;
 Whilst heaven-born Music, brought from foreign climes,
 Shall add new strength to Della Crusca's rhymes.

I see, I see approach these wish'd-for days,
 Which England's glory to the skies shall raise ;
 When cordial amity shall bend each soul,
 And *unanimity* possess the whole
 Of Britain's tribe. When from his well-fix'd throne
 Great GEORGE, with full contentment, shall look down,
 And bless the day he first began to reign
 O'er a *free* people, and their rights maintain ;
 Who, in *their* turn, will not refuse to own,
 A worthier monarch ne'er possess'd the crown :

And that illustrious youth, whose polish'd mind,
By manners soften'd, and by sense refin'd ;
His errors past, his follies laid aside,
Shall rise superior to th' o'erwhelming tide
Of giddy fashion, and shall worthy prove,
Like the Fifth Harry, of a nation's love.

Thus may the golden cup of bliss run o'er,
Till nature sinking, time shall be no more ;
May Britain's glories every year increase,
And all be joy, prosperity, and peace !

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